

THE PERCH



BURNS NIGHT SPECIALS

Thursday 25th January



Potted Arbroath smokies,

Isle of Mull cheddar sauce, tattie scones £8.95

Leek and potato broth,

Rosemary bread £6.50 (vegan)

Warm salad of red cabbage,

Stornoway black pudding, roasted apple and crispy sage £8.95



'MacSweens' haggis,

Neeps and tatties, whisky gravy and oatcakes £14.95

'MacSweens' vegetarian haggis,

Neeps and tatties, whisky gravy and oatcakes £13.95 (vegan)

Roasted free range chicken supreme,

Skirlie mash, roasted carrots, mustard and whisky cream £16.95

Grilled Shetland scallops in a 1/2 shell,

Stornoway black pudding and smoked bacon crumb £18.95



Raspberry cranachan trifle, £6.50

Marmalade crème brulee, Whisky oranges and honeycomb £6.50

Spiced plum and almond crumble, Whisky and soya custard £6.50 (vegan)

PLEASE DO MAKE US AWARE OF ANY FOOD ALLERGIES
YOU MAY HAVE BEFORE ORDERING.

THE PERCH

ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS

ROBERT BURNS - *Written 1786*

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy o'a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o'need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit! hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash;
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinning ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
Gie her a haggis!